

# THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM;

## A REPOSITORY OF BELLES LETTRES, SCIENCE, AND THE ARTS.

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BY GEORGE BOND.

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VOL. I.

### REVIEW.

ART. I.—The Subaltern; or Sketches of the Peninsular War, during the campaigns of 1813-14. By an Eyewitness. New York: G. & C. Carvill, 108 Broadway. 1825.

It is probably known to most of our readers that the chapters, which make up this volume, appeared originally in Blackwood's Magazine, and were liberally copied by most of the newspapers in this country. The great popularity of the detached parts, and the interest so generally excited by their perusal, have induced the Publishers to reprint them in one volume, and lead to the confident expectation that they will meet with a profitable sale. It is no trifling or equivocal test of their merits, that they have been thus favourably received, notwithstanding they had been preceded by that admirable sketch, 'Recollections of the Peninsula,' which details with graphic accuracy and vivid colouring similar events and scenes with those described by the Subaltern. In one respect we think the latter even superior to the former—we refer to its freedom from inflation of style and occasional bombast, in which the Recollections, as well as a later work of the same author, The story of a Life, abounded. The Subaltern narrates his story with great simplicity of expression, not, however, wanting in energy or occasional pathos. Of this the selection we have made for this number will fully satisfy any one who has the least sensibility at heart.

"There are not many scenes in human life more striking, or more harrowing to the feelings of him who regards it for the first time, than the departure of a regiment upon foreign service. By the customs of the army only six women for each company are allowed to follow their husbands, who are chosen by lot out of perhaps twenty or thirty. The casting of lots is usually deferred till, at least, the evening previous to the marching of the corps, probably with the humane design of leaving to each female, as long as it can be left, the enjoyment of that greatest of all earthly blessings, hope. The consequence then is, that, a full sense of her forlorn condition coming all at once upon the wretched creature who is to be abandoned, produces, in many instances, a violence of grief, the display of which it is impossible to witness with any degree of indifference. Many were the agonizing scenes of the kind which it was my fortune this day to witness; but there was one so peculiarly distressing, so much more affecting in all its points, than the rest, that I am tempted to give you, Mr. North, a detail of it, even at the risk of being thought the writer of a romance. I

recollect having read in that amusing work, 'The Hermit in the Country,' an anecdote very similar in many respects to the one which I am now going to relate. You are not, however, to suppose, that the two stories bore a common origin, namely the imaginations of those by whom they are told. The worthy Hermit's tale probably rests upon no better foundation; but mine is a true story, and its truth will no doubt be attested by several of your readers: that is, supposing you to have any readers in the — regiment of foot.

"About three months previous to the day of embarkation, a batch of recruits had joined the regiment from Scotland. Among them was a remarkably fine young Highlander; a native, if I recollect right, of Balquidder, called Duncan Stewart. Duncan was in all respects a good soldier; he was clean, sober, orderly, and well beloved; but he seemed to be of a singularly melancholy temper; never mixing in the sports and amusements of his comrades, nor even speaking except when he was obliged to speak. It so happened that the pay-sergeant of Duncan's company was likewise a Highlander; and Highlanders, being of all description of persons the most national, he very soon began to interest himself about the fate of the young recruit. At first Duncan shrunk back even from his advances, but it is not natural for the human heart, especially during the season of youth, to continue long indifferent to acts of kindness; so Duncan gradually permitted honest M'Intyre to insinuate himself into his good graces; and they became, before long, bosom friends.

"When they had continued for some weeks on a footing of intimacy, Duncan did not scruple to make his friend the sergeant acquainted with the cause of his dejection. It was simply this:—

"Duncan was the son of a Highland farmer, who like many of his countrymen in that situation, cultivated barley for the purpose of making whiskey; in plain language, was a determined smuggler. Not far from the abode of Stewart, dwelt an exciseman of the name of Young, who being extremely active in the discharge of his duty, had on various occasions made seizure of his neighbours' kegs as they were on their march towards the low countries. This was an offence which the Highlander of course could not forgive; and there accordingly subsisted between the smuggler and the guager a degree of antipathy far surpassing any thing of which it is easy for us to form a conception. It must however be confessed, that the feeling of hatred was all on one side. Stewart hated Young for presuming to interfere with his honest calling; and

despised him, because he had the misfortune to be born in the shire of Renfrew; whereas Young was disposed to behave civilly to his neighbour, on every occasion except when his whiskey casks happened to come in the way.

"Guager Young had an only and a very pretty daughter, a girl of eighteen years of age, with whom Duncan, as a matter of course, fell in love. The maiden returned his love, at which I am by no means surprised, for a handsomer or more manly-looking youth one would not desire to see; but, alas! old Stewart would not hear of their union; absolutely commanding his son, under penalty of his heaviest malediction, not to think of her again. The authority of parents over their children, even after they have grown up to the age of manhood, is in Scotland very great, and so Duncan would not dispute his father's will; and finding all entreaty to alter it useless, he determined to sacrifice inclination to duty, and to meet his pretty Mary no more.

"In this resolution he adhered for several days, but, to use his own words, 'gang where I would, and do what I liket, I aye saw her before me. I saw her once, to tell her what my father had said; indeed we were baith gay sure how it would be, before I spoke to him ava; in troth the look she gae me, M'Intyre, I ne'er forgot it, and I never can forget it. It haunted me like a ghaist baith night and day.'

"The consequence of constantly beholding such a vision may easily be imagined. Duncan forgot his determination and his duty, and found himself one evening, he scarce knew how, once more walking with Mary by the loch side. This occurred again and again. The meetings were the more sweet because they were secret, and they ended—as such stolen meetings generally end among persons of their situation in life. Duncan was assured of becoming a father, before he was a husband.

"This, however, was not to be permitted; Duncan was too tenderly attached to Mary, to suffer disgrace to fall upon her, even though he should incur the threatened penalty of a father's curse by marrying; so he resolved, at all hazards, to make her his wife. The reader is no doubt aware, that marriages are much more easily contracted in Scotland, than on the south side of the Tweed. An exchange of lines, as it is called, that is to say, a mutual agreement to live as man and wife, drawn up and signed by a young man and a young woman, constitutes as indisputable a union in North Britain, as if the marriage ceremony had been read or uttered by a clergyman; and to this method of uniting their destinies Duncan



and Mary had recourse. They addressed a letter, the one to the other, in which he acknowledged her to be his wife, and she acknowledged him to be her husband; and, having made an exchange of them, they became to all intents and purposes a married couple.

"Having thus gone in direct opposition to the will of his father, Duncan was by no means easy in his own mind. He well knew the unforgiving temper of the man with whom he had to deal; he knew likewise that his disobedience could not be long kept a secret, and the nearer the period approached which would compel a disclosure, the more anxious and uncomfortable he became. At length the time arrived when he must either acknowledge his marriage or leave Mary to infamy. It was the season of Doun fair, and Duncan was entrusted with the care of a drove of sheep which were to be disposed of at that market. Having bid farewell to his wife, he set out, still carrying his secret with him, but determined to disclose it by letter, as soon as he should reach Doun. His object in acting thus was, partly, to escape the first burst of his father's anger, and partly with the hope, that, having escaped it, he might be received at his return with forgiveness; but then the poor fellow had no opportunity of ascertaining the success of his scheme.

"When he reached Doun, Duncan felt himself far too unhappy to attend to business. He accordingly entrusted the sale of his sheep to a neighbour; and setting down in one of the public houses wrote that letter which had been the subject of his meditations ever since he left Balquidder. Having completed this, Duncan bravely determined to forget his sorrows for a while, for which purpose he swallowed a dose of whiskey, and entered into conversation with the company about him, among whom were several soldiers, fine, merry, hearty fellows, who, with their corporal were on the lookout for recruits. The leader of the party was a skilful man in his vocation; he admired the fine proportions of the youth before him, and determined to enlist him if he could. For this purpose more whiskey was ordered,—funny histories were told by him and his companions—Duncan was plied with dram after dram, till at length he became completely inebriated, and the shilling was put into his hand. No time was given him to recover from his surprise; for, long ere the effects of intoxication had evaporated, Duncan was on his way to Edinburgh. Here he was instantly embarked with a number of young men similarly situated; and he actually reached head-quarters without having had an opportunity so much as to inform his relations of his fate.

"The sequel of Duncan's story is soon told. Having obtained permission from the commanding officer, he wrote to Scotland for his wife, who joyfully hastened to join him. Her father did what he could, indeed, to prevent this step; not from any

hatred towards his daughter, to whom he had behaved with great kindness in her distress, but because he knew how uncomfortable was the sort of life which she must lead as the wife of a private soldier; but Mary resisted every entreaty to remain apart from Duncan; she had been in a state of utter misery during the many weeks in which she was left in ignorance of his situation; and, now that she knew where he was to be found, nothing should hinder her from following him. Though far gone in a state of pregnancy, she set out instantly for the south of England; and having endured with patience, all inconveniences attendant on her want of experience as a traveller, she succeeded in reaching Hythe, just one week previous to the embarkation of the regiment.

"This ill-fated couple were hardly brought together when they were once more doomed to part. Poor Mary's name came up among the names of those who should remain behind the regiment, and no language of mine can do justice to the scene which took place. I was not present when the women drew their tickets; but I was told by M'Intyre, that when Mary unrolled the slip of paper, and read upon it the fatal words, "To be left," she looked as if Heaven itself were incapable of adding one additional pang to her misery. Holding it with both hands, at the full stretch of her arms from her face, she gazed upon it for some minutes without speaking a word, though the natural succession of colour and deadly paleness upon her cheeks, told how severe was the struggle which was going on within; till at length, completely overpowered by her own sensations, she crushed it between her palms, and fell senseless into the arms of a female who stood near.

"That night was spent by Duncan and his wife exactly as it was supposed that it would be spent. They did not so much as lie down; but the moments sped on in spite of their watchfulness,—and at last the bugle sounded. When I came on the ground, I saw Duncan standing in his place, but Mary was not near him. The wives of the few soldiers who were left behind to form a depot, having kindly detained her in the barrick-room. But, just before the column began to move, she rushed forth; and the scream which she uttered, as she flew toward Duncan, was heard throughout the whole of the ranks.—"Duncan, Duncan," the poor thing cried, as she clung wildly round his neck: "Oh, Duncan, Duncan Stewart, ye're no gow'n to leave me again, and me sa near being a mother! O, Serjeant M'Intyre, dinna tak' him awa'! if ye hae ony pity, dinna, dinna, tak' him!—O, sir, ye'll let me gang wi' him?" she added, turning to one of the officers who stood by; "for the love of heaven, if ye hae ony pity in ye, dinna separate us!"

"Poor Duncan stood all this while in silence, leaning his forehead upon the muzzle of his firelock, and supporting his wretched wife upon his arm. He shed

no tears—which is more than I can say for myself, or indeed for almost any private or officer upon the parade—his grief was evidently beyond them. "Ye may come as far as Dover, at least," he at length said, in a sort of murmur; and the poor creature absolutely shrieked with delight at the reprieve.

"The band now struck up, and the column began to move, the men shouting, partly to drown the cries of the women, and partly to express their own willingness to meet the enemy. Mary walked by the side of her husband; but she looked more like a moving corpse than a living creature.—She was evidently suffering acutely, not only in mind but in body; indeed we had not proceeded three miles on our journey, before she was seized with the pains of labour. It would have been the height of barbarity to have hindered her unfortunate husband, under these circumstances, from halting to take care of her; so having received his promise to join the regiment again before dark, we permitted him to fall out of the ranks. Fortunately a cottage stood at no great distance from the road side, in which he and his friend M'Intyre removed her; and while there, I have reason to believe, she was received with great humanity, and treated with kindness; indeed, the inhabitants of the cottage must have been devoid of every thing human except the form, had they treated a young woman so situated otherwise than kindly.

"A four hours' march brought the regiment in high spirits, and in good order, into Dover. As a matter of course, the inhabitants filled their windows, and thronged the streets, to witness the embarkation of a body of their countrymen, of whom it was more than probable that few would return; nor have I any cause to doubt the sincerity of the good wishes which they expressed, for our success and safety. It is only during the dull times of peace, or, which amounts to the same thing, when troops are lying in a garrison town, that feelings of mutual jealousy arise between the inhabitants and the soldiers.

"As the men came in fresh, and, which by no means invariably follows, sober, little more than half an hour was spent in embarking. The transports, fortunately, lay alongside the pier; consequently, there was no need to employ boats for the removal of the troops and baggage; but boards being placed as bridges from the pier to the deck, the companies filed easily and regularly into their respective ships. We were not, however, to sail till the following morning, the remainder of that day being allowed for laying in sea-stock; and hence, as soon as they had seen the men comfortably housed, the officers adjourned to the various inns in the place.

"Like my companions, I returned again to shore as soon as I had attended to the comforts of my division; but my mind was too full of the image of poor Mary, to permit my entering with gusto into the vari-



ous amusements of my friends. I preferred walking back in the direction of Hythe, with the hope of meeting M<sup>r</sup> Intyre, and ascertain how the poor creature did. I walked, however, for some time, before any traveller made his appearance. At length, when the interest which I had felt in the fate of the young couple was beginning in some degree to moderate, and I was meditating a return to the inn, I saw two soldiers moving towards me. As they approached, I readily discovered that they were Duncan and his friend; so I waited for them. "Duncan Stewart," said I, "how is your wife?"—The poor fellow did not answer, but, touching his cap, passed on. "How is his wife, M<sup>r</sup> Intyre?" said I to the serjeant, who stood still. The honest Scotchman burst into tears; and as soon as he could command himself, he laconically answered, "She is at rest, sir." From this I guessed that she was dead; and on more minute inquiry, I learned it was even so;—she died a few minutes after they removed her into the cottage, without having brought her child into the world. An attempt was made to save the infant, by performing the Cæsarean operation, but without effect; it hardly breathed at all.

"Though the officer who commanded the depot was sent for, and offered to take the responsibility upon himself, if Duncan wished to remain behind for the purpose of burying his wife, the poor fellow would not avail himself of the offer. All that he desired was a solemn assurance from the officer that he would see his dear Mary decently interred; and as soon as the promise was given, the young widower hastened to join his regiment. He scarcely spoke after; and he was one of the first who fell after the regiment landed in Spain."

Another interesting extract, and we must close our short notice of the Subaltern.

"The approach of day among the Pyrenees, in the month of September, is a spectacle which it falls not to the lot of every man to witness; and it is one which can hardly be imagined by him who has not beheld it. For some time after the gray twilight breaks, you behold around you only one huge sea of mist, which, gradually rising, discloses, by fits, the peak of some rugged hills, and giving to it the appearance of a real island in the real ocean. By and by, the mountains become every where distinguishable, looming, as a sailor would say, large through the haze; but the vallies continue long enshrouded, the fogs which hang upon them yielding only to the rays of the noonday sun. Along a valley immediately beneath our present position, a considerable column of French infantry made their way, during one of the late actions; and so perfect was the cover afforded by the mist, that, though the sun had risen some time, they penetrated, wholly unobserved, to the brow of the hill. On the present occasion no such attempt was made; but we were kept at our post till the fog had so

far dispersed as to render objects half way down the gorge distinctly visible; as soon as this occurred, the column was dismissed, and we betook ourselves each to his favourite employment.

"For myself, my constant occupation, whenever circumstances would permit, was to wander about, with a gun over my shoulder, and a dog or two hunting before me, not only in quest of game, but for the purpose of viewing the country to the best advantage, and making, if possible, my own observations upon the different positions of the hostile armies. For this purpose, I seldom took a direction to the rear, generally strolling on towards the advanced piquets, and then bending my course to the right or left, according as the one or the other held out to me the best prospect of obtaining an accurate survey of both encampments. On the present occasion I turned my steps towards the heights of San Marcial. This was the point which Soult assailed with the greatest vigour, in his vain attempt to raise the siege of St. Sebastians, at the very time when the assault of that city was proceeding. It was defended on that day by Spaniards, and Spaniards only, whom Lord Wellington's dispatch represented to have repulsed the enemy with great gallantry; for my own part, I could not but admire the bravery of the troops who, however superior in numbers, ventured to attack a position so commanding. The heights of San Marcial rise so abruptly over the bed of the Bidaossa, that in many places it was only by swinging myself from bough to bough, that I managed to descend them at all; yet a column of fifteen thousand Frenchmen forced their way nearly to the summit, and would have probably succeeded in carrying even that, but for the opportune arrival of a brigade of British guards. These latter were not, indeed, engaged, but they acted as a reserve, and the very sight of them inspired the Spanish division with courage sufficient to maintain their ground, and check the farther progress of the assailants.

"From the brow of these heights I obtained a tolerably distinct view of the French encampment for a considerable distance, both to the right and left. The range of hills which it occupied was in some points less lofty, in others even more rugged and more lofty than that on which I now stood. Between me and it flowed the Bidaossa, through a valley narrow, indeed, not more perhaps than a gun-shot across, but rich and beautiful in the extreme, not only on account of the shaggy woods which in a great measure overspread it, but because of the luxuriant corn-fields, meadows and farm-houses which lay scattered along both banks of the river. The outposts of the French army occupied their own side of this vale, their sentinels being posted at the river's brink; ours, that is the Spanish piquets, were stationed about half-way down the hill, and sent their videttes no farther than its base. For the white tents of the British army I looked round in vain.—

These were generally pitched in woody hollows, so as to screen them entirely from the gaze of the enemy, and to shelter their inmates as much as might be, from the storms; but the well built huts of the French soldiers were, in many places, distinguishable. Certainly, a Frenchman is far more expert in the art of hutting himself than a soldier of any other nation. The domiciles upon which I now gazed were not like those lately occupied by us, composed of branches of trees only, covered over with twigs and withering leaves, and devoid of chimneys by which smoke might escape: on the contrary, they were good, substantial cottages, with clay walls and regularly thatched roofs, and erected in long, straight streets; the camp of each brigade or battalion having more the appearance of a settled village, than of the temporary abiding place of troops on active service. By the aid of my telescope I could perceive the French soldiers, some at drill, others at play, near the huts, nor could I help admiring the perfect light-heartedness which seemed to pervade men who had been so lately beaten.

"At this period, the right of the French army occupied the high ground above the village of Andaye, and rested upon the sea; while our left, taking in the towns of Irun and Font-Arabria, rested upon the sea also. The French left was stationed upon a mountain called La Rhune, and was supported by a strongly fortified post, up the hill, or, rather, the wild of the Hermitage. Our right, again, was posted in the pass of Roncesvalles, and along the mountains beyond it; but from the spot which I now occupied, it could not be described. Thus the valley of the Bidaossa alone separated us from one another, though that may appear a barrier sufficient when the extreme steepness of its banks is considered.

Having remained here long enough to satisfy my curiosity, I turned my steps homewards, taking the direction of the deep valley which lay beneath our camp. Having, with some difficulty, reached its base, I was particularly struck with the extreme loneliness, the more than usual stillness, of all things about me. I looked round in vain for game. Not a living creature seemed to tenant the glen,—there was not a bird of any kind or description among the branches, but a death-like silence prevailed, the very breezes being shut out, and the very leaves motionless. I sat down by the edge of a little stream, somewhat weary, and oppressed with thirst, yet I felt a strong disinclination to drink, the water looked so slimy and blue I could not fancy it. I rose again and pursued its course, hoping to reach some turn where it might present a more tempting appearance. At length thirst overcame me, and though there was no improvement in the hue of the water, I had stooped down and applied my lips to its surface, when, accidentally casting my eye a little to the right, I beheld a man's arm sticking up from the very cen-



tre of the rivulet. It was black and putrid, and the nails had dropped from some of the fingers. Of course, I started to my feet without tasting the polluted element, nor could I resist a momentary squeamishness at the idea of having narrowly escaped drinking this tincture of human carcasses.

In this manner I continued to while away four or five days, strolling about amid some of the wildest scenes which nature is capable of producing, whenever the weather would permit, amusing myself in the best way I could, under cover of the canvass, when the rains descended and the winds blew. Among other matters I discovered, in the course of these rambles, two remarkable caves, having the appearance rather of deserted mines than of natural cavities; but I had not an opportunity of exploring them, for on the morning which I had intended to devote to that purpose, we once more abandoned our camp, and moved to a new position.

THE COUNTRY CURATE—VICARAGE OF ST. ALPHAGE.

*A Tale.*

Divided only by its neat garden from the western side of the church-yard, stands the vicarage-house, the very representative of what English vicarages were wont to be in the days of our great-grandfathers. It is a cottage of one story high, containing two little parlours, a kitchen, and a few closets on the ground-floor; whilst three excellent garrets, rendered more commodious by the storm windows, furnish all the dormitory considered necessary for the family of an humble vicar. Of its parlours, indeed, the little green-room which looks into the garden behind, is, comparatively speaking, a modern addition; whilst a long wash-house, or scullery, has likewise been tacked-on, of late, to one of the gables, more as a matter of convenience than of ornament. Nevertheless, the general appearance of the mansion—with its tiled roof, its walls white as the drifted snow, except in those parts where they are covered with jessamine and china-roses—its green entrance-door, ornamented by narrow window-lights on each side, and its little leaded casements—cannot fail to attract the notice of him who loves to think of religion as the parent of peace and humility; and of its teachers, not as mingling with the great and the titled of the land, but as setting an example of meekness and lowliness of heart to their several congregations.

In perfect keeping with the size and construction of the house, are the grounds by which it is surrounded. Here are no extensive lawns, so laid out as to require the constant attention of a couple of gardeners to hinder them from running wild, and bringing discredit on the taste of the proprietor; no beds of foreign and expensive flowers show their gaudy colours to the sun; nor have the trees which gird

the little paddock, and enclose the garden, been brought from afar. A meadow, containing, perhaps, three acres of land, forms at once the glebe and domain of the vicar. It lies chiefly in front, and on the right of the parsonage; only a narrow strip, winding round the left, to join the garden with the church-yard; and it is begirt by a well-trimmed hawthorn hedge, which is never suffered to exceed the height of four feet from the ground. In the centre of this hedge, and directly opposite to the door of the house, is a green swing gate, on opening which, and passing through the meadow, you come to another little hedge, drawn, at the distance of perhaps twenty feet, entirely round the vicarage. Within this a belt of genuine English shrubs—of lilacs, laburnums, guelder-roses, mountain-ash, and filberts, is planted, which overshadow, on each side, a gravel walk, and embosom the cottage in their green leaves. On the left, however, the belt swells out into a little thicket, concealing the stable, and other offices attached; beside which grow several taller trees, such as the fir, the beech, and the poplar; while behind the thicket is a little fish-pond, having a well-trimmed grass-walk carried round it, and several elegant weeping willows dropping their tresses into the water. Such are, properly speaking, its pleasure-grounds, and if to this be added a kitchen-garden, well filled with apple and plum-trees, and bisected by a broad turf-walk, on each side of which grow roses and hyacinths, and lilies of the valley, with violets and blue bells, and here and there a lolly-holly-hick—a tolerably correct notion will be formed, even by such as never have, and never may behold the place itself, of the unassuming vicarage of St. Alphage.

In this secluded spot dwelt for fifteen years one of the most kind-hearted and pious individuals of whom the church of England has cause to boast—of him the world knew nothing. Like other men, he was ambitious of fame when he first started into life, but misfortunes, neither romantic nor uncommon, taught him to curb his ambition, and to seek for happiness, not in this world, but in a better. It is to him, indeed, more than to any other person, that the vicarage of St. Alphage owes all of simple beauty which is around it. There is not a shrub upon the premises which was not planted by his hand; and the elms which adorn the church-yard form the only monument which his modesty would suffer to be raised to his memory. As I have undertaken the care of his papers, and propose to make the public acquainted with their contents, it may not be amiss if I premise that task with some account of the author. Not that the life of a country curate can have in it much of general interest—and the life of my friend was not greatly different from that of other curates—but his sketches being for the

most part sombre, it appears but reasonable to assign some cause why melancholy subjects should have taken a faster hold upon his mind than subjects of a lighter nature: and that, I think, the detail of his own brief career will effect.

Abraham Williams, the subject of this memoir, was the son of a clergyman in North Wales, whose preferment, though not extensive, enabled him to support in gentility and apparent comfort a family which consisted only of his wife and two children. Of the latter, Abraham was the eldest by four years, the girl having been born, as Benjamin was born to Jacob, in the old age of her father.

Not far from the residence of Mr. Williams dwelt a widow lady of the name of Evans, who, with an only daughter, inhabited a neat cottage, and subsisted upon a scanty pittance, which her husband, the former incumbent of the parish, had left. Julia Evans was two years younger than Abraham, a gentle, delicate, and retiring creature; in whose soft blue eye, and exquisitely pure complexion, the most common observer might behold the prognostications of a premature dissolution. She was the sole surviving child of seven, who had all, one after another, dropped into their graves, just as their parents began to count upon their attaining to the full vigour of manhood. Of her, therefore, the most anxious care had been taken and now her widowed mother breathed hardly another prayer to Heaven, except that it would be pleased to preserve for her a life, which even she could not but observe to be suspended by a single hair. Between Mr. Williams' family and that of Mrs. Evans an intimate acquaintance subsisted; and it brought about, as might have been anticipated, the most ardent and romantic attachment on the parts of Abraham and Julia towards each other.

Abraham Williams had passed his eighteenth year, when his father deemed it necessary that he should remove to College. It was a bitter parting between the youth and his relatives, but the parting with Julia was more bitter by far. Yet there was a keenness of enjoyment in the latter which perhaps more than counterbalanced its bitterness. The young people had hitherto been to each other as brother and sister; they loved tenderly and ardently, but they knew not the real nature of the love which subsisted between them. How should they, indeed—how should a boy of eighteen, and a girl of sixteen, who met every day with all the unreserved confidence of childhood, know—that their love was different in kind from that which the one felt for her only parent, the other for his parents and his sister. It is the moment of parting, which, in such cases, divulges the truth—nor is there a moment in all the years of our after existence more wildly, and yet purely delightful, than that in which the discovery is first made.

To be continued.



## MISCELLANY.

The Passage of the Sea; a Poem. With other pieces. By S. L. Fairfield. New York: Folsom and Allen—pp. 48.

We do not intend reviewing this work, but merely to make an extract from one of the minor poems, entitled "Phantasy."

'Tis midnight and a solemn stillness sleeps  
Upon the fragrant air, whose odoured wings,  
Fanning the groves, awake such soothing strains  
Of holy music as the lone heart loves,  
When holding converse with departed hours—  
Low, murmuring, melancholy notes—so soft  
Each whisper they give out, the ear scarce takes  
Impression from the sound, though deeply feels  
The throbbing heart, o'er all its breathing chords,  
The eloquence, so sweet and still. The moon,  
Full-orbed in pearly beauty, walks on high  
In airy brightness, and upon the clouds,  
Fleecy and white, around throws gleams of  
light,  
Silvering each soft and graceful fold that floats  
O'er the blue ether, while her rays below  
Glance on the shelvy cliff and toppling wood,  
In rich effulgence, and the lulling stream  
And lone lagoon, along whose sedgy banks  
The breeze harps soul-heard melodies. The  
eye

Of wakeful bard may now, with vision keen,  
Mark changing light and shade and every fair  
Variety of beauty, and behold,  
Unchecked by prating folly, every scene  
Of lovely loneliness to fancy dear;  
And he may listen to those voices, soft  
As rose's breath, and tender as the kiss  
Of a young mother's love, which oft are heard  
Amid the silent solitudes of night:  
The dewdrop falling from the aspen leaf,  
The trickling waters of the gentle rill,  
The rustling of the dewy grass, and all  
The undefinable symphonies that breathe  
O'er nature's loveliest scene, at nature's best  
And holiest hour of high communion. Oh!  
'Tis sweet to sit upon the moonlight rock,  
While every thing around is fresh and fair  
As when the world sprang smiling into birth,  
Alone but yet not lonely, and to trace  
The paths of human life through all their wild  
Mazes and windings, while above, the soul,  
Kindled to rapture, sees unnumbered worlds  
Revolving through the vast, untrodden spheres  
And unknown depths of far eternity.  
'Tis glorious thus to feel the spirit soar,  
Unfettered by the sins and woes of time,  
Beyond the confines of our wretched state,  
And wave its eagle pinions o'er the bright  
Ocean of worlds where sainted spirits dwell!  
'Tis more than glorious, for 'tis holy, thus  
To send the soul on its ethereal flight!  
The warring passions of the human heart  
Sink then to rest, bright angel forms repose  
By piny woods and shady waterfalls,  
And angel voices breathe of heaven and love,  
And bliss benevolent, in every leaf  
And spire of grass stirred by the vesper airs;  
And this communion of up-welling thought  
Becomes our paradise below, when gleams  
Of higher, holier worlds flash through the gloom  
Of this our lowly nature, full of sin,  
And the dim oracles of ancient men  
Become assured revealings of that life  
All hope to gain but few e'er think upon.

## MILTON.

"In his character the noblest qualities of every party were combined in harmonious union. From the Parliament and from the Court, from the conventicle and from the Gothic cloister, from the gloomy and sepulchral circles of the Roundheads, and from the Christmas revel of the hospitable Cavalier, his nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which those finer elements were defiled. Like the Puritans, he lived

'As ever in his great task-master's eye.'

Like them, he kept his mind continually fixed on an Almighty Judge and an eternal reward. And hence he acquired their contempt of external circumstances, their fortitude, their tranquillity, their inflexible resolution. But not the coolest sceptic or the most profane scoffer was more perfectly free from the contagion of their frantic delusions, their savage manners, their ludicrous jargon, their scorn of science, and their aversion to pleasure. Hating tyranny with a perfect hatred, he had nevertheless all the estimable and ornamental qualities which were almost entirely monopolized by the party of the tyrant. There was none who had a stronger sense of the value of literature, a finer relish for every elegant amusement, or a more chivalrous delicacy of honour and love. Though his opinions were democratic, his tastes and his associations were such as harmonize best with monarchy and aristocracy. He was under the influence of all the feelings by which the gallant Cavaliers were misled. But of those feelings he was the master and not the slave. Like the hero of Homer, he enjoyed all the pleasures of fascination; but he was not fascinated. He listened to the song of the Syrens; yet he glided by without being seduced to their fatal shore. He tasted the cup of Circe; but he bore about him a sure antidote against the effects of its bewitching sweetness. The illusions which captivated his imagination never impaired his reasoning powers. The statesman was proof against the splendour, the solemnity, and the romance, which enchanted the poet. Any person who will contrast the sentiments expressed in his treatises on Prelacy, with the exquisite lines on Ecclesiastical architecture and music in the *Penseroso*, which was published about the same time, will understand our meaning. This is an inconsistency which, more than any thing else, raises his character in our estimation; because it shows how many private tastes and feelings he sacrificed, in order to do what he considered his duty to mankind. It is the very struggle of the noble Othello. His heart relents; but his hand is firm. He does nought in haste, but all in honour. He kisses the beautiful deceiver before he destroys her.

That from which the public character of Milton derives its great and peculiar splendour still remains to be mentioned.

If he exerted himself to overthrow a forsworn king and a persecuting hierarchy, he exerted himself in conjunction with others. But the glory of the battle which he fought for that species of freedom which is the most valuable, and which was then the least understood, the freedom of the human mind, is all his own. Thousands and tens of thousands among his contemporaries raised their voices against Ship-money and the Star-chamber. But there were few indeed who discerned the more fearful evils of moral and intellectual slavery, and the benefits which would result from the liberty of the press and the unfettered exercise of private judgment. These were the objects which Milton justly conceived to be the most important. He was desirous that the people should think for themselves as well as tax themselves, and be emancipated from the dominion of prejudice as from that of Charles. He knew that those who, with the best intentions, overlooked these schemes of reform, and contented themselves with pulling down the king and imprisoning the malignants, acted like the heedless brothers in his own poem, who, in their eagerness to disperse the train of the sorcerer, neglected the means of liberating the captive. They thought only of conquering when they should have thought of disenchanting.

'Oh, ye mistook! Ye should have snatched the wand!

Without the rod reversed,  
And backward mutters of dissevering power,  
We cannot free the lady that sits here  
Bound in strong fetters fixed and motionless.'

To reverse the rod, to spell the charm backward, to break the ties which bound a stupified people to the seat of enchantment, was the noble aim of Milton. To this all his public conduct was directed. For this he joined the Presbyterians—for this he forsook them. He fought their perilous battle; but he turned away with disdain from their insolent triumph. He saw that they, like those whom they had vanquished, were hostile to the liberty of thought. He therefore joined the Independents, and called upon Cromwell to break the secular chain, and to save free conscience from the paw of the Presbyterian wolf.\* With a view to the same great object, he attacked the licensing system, in that sublime treatise which every statesman should wear as a sign upon his hand, and as frontlets between his eyes. His attacks were, in general, directed less against particular abuses, than against those deeply seated errors on which almost all abuses are founded, the servile worship of eminent men, and the irrational dread of innovation.

That he might shake the foundations of these debasing sentiments more effectually, he always selected for himself the boldest literary services. He never came up in the rear when the outworks had been carried, and the breach entered. He pressed into the forlorn hope. At the beginning of the changes, he wrote with

\* Sonnet to Cromwell.



incomparable energy and eloquence against the bishops. But, when his opinion seemed likely to prevail, he passed on to other subjects, and abandoned prelacy to the crowd of writers who now hastened to insult a falling party. Their is no more hazardous enterprise than that of bearing the torch of truth into those dark and infected recesses in which no light has ever shone. But it was the choice and the pleasure of Milton to penetrate the noisome vapours, and to brave the terrible explosion. Those who most disapprove of his opinions must respect the hardihood with which he maintained them. He, in general, left to others the credit of expounding and defending the popular parts of his religious and political creed. He took his own stand upon those which the great body of his countrymen reprobated as criminal, or derided as paradoxical. He stood up for divorce and regicide. He ridiculed the Eikon. He attacked the prevailing systems of education. His radiant and beneficent career resembled that of the god of light and fertility,

"Nitor in adversum; nec me, qui cætera vincit  
Impetus, et rapido contrarius evehor erbi."

It is to be regretted that the prose writings of Milton should, in our time, be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages, compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff, with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the *Paradise Lost* has he ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, "a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

We had intended to look more closely at these performances, to analyze the peculiarities of the diction, to dwell at some length on the sublime wisdom of the *Areopagitica*, and the nervous rhetoric of the *Iconoclast*, and to point out some of those magnificent passages which occur in the *Treatise of Reformation*, and the *Animadversions on the Remonstrant*. But the length to which our remarks have already extended renders this impossible.

We must conclude. And yet we can scarcely tear ourselves away from the subject. The days immediately following the publication of this relic of Milton appear to be peculiarly set apart, and consecrated to his memory. And we shall scarcely be censured if, on this his festival, we be found lingering near his shrine, how worthless soever may be the offering which we bring to it. While this book lies on our table, we seem to be contemporaries of the great poet. We are transported a hundred and fifty years back.

\* The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy, Book II.

We can almost fancy that we are visiting him in his small lodging; that we see him sitting at the old organ beneath the faded green hangings; that we can catch the quick twinkle of his eyes, rolling in vain to find the day; that we are reading in the lines of his noble countenance the proud and mournful history of his glory and his affliction! We image to ourselves the breathless silence in which we should listen to his slightest word; the passionate veneration with which we should kneel to kiss his hand and weep upon it; the earnestness with which we should endeavour to console him, if indeed such a spirit could need consolation, for the neglect of an age unworthy of his talents and his virtues; the eagerness with which we should contest with his daughters, or with his Quaker friend Elwood, the privilege of reading Homer to him, or of taking down the immortal accents which flowed from his lips.

These are perhaps foolish feelings. Yet we cannot be ashamed of them; nor shall we be sorry if what we have written shall in any degree excite them in other minds. We are not much in the habit of idolizing either the living or the dead. And we think that there is no more certain indication of a weak and ill-regulated intellect than that propensity which, for want of a better name, we will venture to christen *Boswellism*. But there are a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure, which have been weighed in the balance and have not been found wanting, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High. These great men, we trust, we know how to prize; and of these was Milton. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are refreshing to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by their superior bloom and sweetness, but by their miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of the Great Poet and Patriot, without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he laboured for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptations and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame.

Slight persecution makes converts: severe persecution, on the contrary, hardens the heart against all conviction.

ORIGINAL.

#### LOVE'S BOWER.

Yet such an hour, such skies above,  
Such earth below, had taught him Love!  
*Moslem Bridal Song.*

There is a bower of rosier hue,  
Beaming bright with oupher flowers;—  
Where glows the pale and diamond dew,  
And swiftly fly the winged hours.  
There fancy floats on the bright rainbow,  
Or on the lily's snow-cup lying,  
She bids the elfin visions glow,  
And wears a wreath of bliss, undying!  
There every shower, distilling balm,  
Is made of beauty's lucent tears;—  
And every zephyr, whispering calm,  
Is formed of Lovers' sighing fears!  
It is the throne—the bower of love!—  
Where pleasure sways her bland dominion;  
Where floats in ambient air the dove,  
And young Hope waves her smiling pinion.

IANTHIS.

#### EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRL'S SCHOOL.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Hush! 'tis a holy hour!—the quiet room  
Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds  
A faint and starry radiance through the gloom,  
And the sweet stillness, down on bright young heads,  
With all their clustering locks, untouch'd by care,  
And bow'd—as flowers are bow'd with night—in prayer.  
Gaze on, 'tis lovelly! childhood's lip and cheek,  
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought!  
Gaze, yet what seest thou in those fair and meek,  
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought!  
—Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,  
What death must fashion for eternity!  
O joyous creatures! that will sink to rest  
Lightly when those pure orisons are done,  
As birds with slumber's honey dew oppress'd,  
Mid'st the dim folded leaves, at set of sun;  
Lift up your hearts! tho' yet no sorrow lies  
Dark in the summer heaven of those clear eyes.  
Though fresh within your breast th' untroubled springs  
Of hope make melody where'er ye tread,  
And o'er your sleep bright shadows from the wings  
Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread;  
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingled low,  
Is woman's tenderness—how soon her woe!  
Her lot is on you!—silent tears to weep,  
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,  
And sunless riches, from affection's deep,  
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!  
And to make them idols, and to find them clay,  
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray!  
Her lot is on you!—to be found untir'd  
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,  
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspir'd,  
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain!  
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,  
And, oh! to love through all things, therefore pray!  
And take the thought of this calm vesper time,  
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,  
On through the dark days fading from their prime,  
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!  
Earth will forsake—Oh happy to have given  
Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto heaven!



## A SHORT MYSTERY.

From the German.

[The following narrative is founded on fact.]

In the village of Rubeland, (which is situate in the Lower Hartz, in the county of Reinstein,) there are superstitions enough to satisfy a poet or a monk. There is not an old man who has not a goblin story to tell for every white hair that is left on his foolish head: and there is not a village girl who will go to sleep, on any night between Michaelmas and Easter, without mumbling a prayer for protection against the elves and dwarfs of the country.

I am ashamed to say it, (for it is my native place)—but there is not perhaps a more ignorant and idle set of people than is to be found in the same village of Rubeland. It is like a spot on which the light of Heaven has never shone; dark, melancholy, and superstitious. The inhabitants work a little (and lazily) in the morning, in order to earn a miserable meal, and at night they bewilder their weak brains with telling and listening to stories about goblins and fairies, which would make a man of the world absolutely die with laughter to hear. The only excuse for them is, that their fathers and grandfathers up to the flood have been all as foolish as themselves. I never heard of a philosopher having been born in Rubeland; no, not one. One fellow, indeed, who called himself an orator, and who had tolerable success as a travelling tinker and mountebank, claimed it as his native place; and a poor youth, who slept all day for the purpose of writing nonsense-verses at night, was certainly born there; but no one else who can be called even remarkable.

It is a singular fact that my great uncle Wilhelm should have chosen the neighbourhood of this village to live in; but so it was. My uncle Wilhelm—the reader doubtless has often studied his learned productions) was professor of medicine in the colleges of Gottingen. It was he who made such a noise throughout all Germany, twenty years ago, by his famous papers on the disease *hypochondriasis*, as every body knows. During the winter months, and indeed during those parts of spring and autumn which verge upon winter, he dwelt at Gottingen in quality of professor; but in the full summer season he shut up his laboratory, and came to enjoy quiet, and breathe the fresh air of the country, in the neighbourhood of our village of Rubeland.

My uncle was a sad sceptical fellow in some things. He laughed at the great ghost of the Hartz mountains—the magic tower of *Schwarzfeld*—the dwarf holes of *Walkenried*—the dancing pool—the devil's wall—the copper kettles of the elves, and all the rest of the infernal machinery of the little spirits; and positively roared himself into an asthma, and affronted three of the richest burghers of Blackenburg by the ridicule which he cast upon the idol *Pustrich* or *Spit-fire*, to their faces.

My uncle, moreover, cared nothing for people only two inches and a half high. He had enough to do, he protested, with the larger race of fools: the little ones he left to the pigmy doctors, of whom he had no doubt there was a large number. It was natural, he said, that it should be so; it was as natural that there should be found doctors where there was plenty of patients, as that in places where there was a multitude of cabbages and fruit, there should be (as there always is) a plentiful supply of caterpillars and grubs.

But my purpose is not, at present, to give a detail of my uncle Wilhelm's opinions, some of which might shock the tender-minded reader; but simply to rescue an anecdote, which I have heard him relate, from unmerited oblivion. "I was going," said he—but I believe I must still keep him as the third person singular. I can manage the matter better in that way, and the reader will excuse me.

It was on a wet evening, then, in the month of September, 17—, that an elderly man, respectably dressed, stopped at the little inn of the village of Rubeland. On dismounting he gave particular directions to the ostler to be careful of his nag, (a stout little roadster,) and proceeded straight to the kitchen fire, where he disencumbered himself of his outer coat and boots, and ordered the private room to be made ready for his reception. The landlady bustled about to do his bidding, while the stranger sat down quietly among the bores who crowded round the great kitchen fire, some of whom offered him the civility of the better seats, but he rejected all with a silent shake of the head, and in fact appeared to be occupied with any thing but what was going on around him. At last, his valise having been unstrapped and brought in, some idea or other occurred to his recollection, and he opened one of the ends of the "leathern convenience," and took thereout a bulky object, containing a variety of curious instruments. These he examined, wiping some and breathing upon others, and displaying all to the wondering eyes of the peasants, who were not long in coming to the conclusion that he was a conjuror of no common acquirements. The stranger, however, did not observe their astonishment. Indeed it is very doubtful whether he remembered that any one was near him; for he quoted once or twice a Latin sentence, pressed a concealed spring or two in some of the instruments, which shot out their steel talons at his touch, and in a word, performed such other marvels, as occasioned a considerable sensation among his spectators. If the truth must be told, they all huddled together more closely than before, and avoided coming in contact even with the tail of his coat.

All this could not last long, the more especially as the little busy landlady had done her best in the mean time to get the stranger's room in order, and which she announced as being ready at the very moment that he was in the midst of a

Latin soliloquy. This he cut short without ceremony on hearing the news, took up his valise, instruments, &c. and quit- ted the kitchen for the parlour.

And now came the time for conjecture. 'What could the stranger be?—a magician? an ogre? a —' but they waited to see whether or not he would order two or three little children to be roasted for supper, before they resolved upon their conclusions. In the course of a minute or two he rang his bell, and, to their great disappointment, ordered a fowl and a bottle of wine to be got ready;—absolutely nothing more. This perplexed the Rubelanders almost as much as the curious instruments he had exhibited. On consideration, however, they thought that the stranger's caution had probably put a rein upon his appetite, and that he had contented himself, for once, with vulgar fare.

But it is not my intention to speculate on all the speculations which entered into the heads of the villagers of Rubeland. It is sufficient for my present purpose to state, that by a natural turn of conversation the villagers began to consider how they might best turn the visit of the stranger to account. Some proposed that he should sow the great common with florins; another that he should disclose where the great pots of money lay that were hid by the elves, when a band of those malicious wretches was dispersed by Saint Somebody during the time of Henry the Fowler. At last old Schwartz, the only man who had a glimmering of common sense in the room, suggested that he should be requested to visit the cottage of young Rudolph, who lay tormented with visions and spirits, about a mile off the village. And the reason why Schwartz proposed this was, as he said, "because he observed the old gentleman put his hand upon the pulse of the landlady's daughter, and keep it there as though he were in count, at the time he left the kitchen." Although this was a sad descent from the florins and pots of gold, the influence of Schwartz was considerable among his fellows, and he finally prevailed. The stranger was petitioned to visit the pillow of Rudolph, and the sick man's state described to him. He immediately and almost joyfully consented. He only stipulated for two wings and breast of the chicken, and half a dozen glasses of Grafenburg, and then he said, "he should be ready."

I must now transport the reader from the little inn of Rubeland to the cottage of Rudolph, the patient. He will imagine the stranger recruited by a good supper, and some excellent Grafenburg wine, and see him seated by the bedside of the young peasant, holding his wrist gently in one hand, and inquiring cheerfully into the nature of his ailment. Although he could get no definite answer on this point, Rudolph was ready enough to tell his story, and the stranger very wisely let him proceed. If the reader can summon up as much patience as the stranger did, he



may listen to the present narrative.—These are the very words,—(for the stranger, being a plain-spoken man, thought it well to note down the particular words of the sufferer, in order to show the strength of the impressions which had been made upon his brain.)

—It was a stormy night on which I married Elfrid, the widow's child. We had been made one by the priest at the neighbouring church, just before twilight; and during the ceremony my bride shivered and turned aside from the holy water, and her eyes glistened like the lights of the glow worm, and when it was ended she laughed aloud. The priest crossed himself; and I while my heart sank within me, took home the beauty of the village.

No one knew how the mother of Elfrid had lived. She dwelt in a fair cottage, round which wild flowers blossomed, and the grape-vines ran curling like green serpents. She was waited on by an old Spanish woman, but never went abroad. She paid regularly for every article which she bought, and spent freely, though not prodigally. Some said that she received a pension from the Elector of —; others, that strange noises were heard on the quarter-days in the house, and that her money was paid at midnight.

She had only one child, Elfrid, a pale and melancholy girl, whose eyes were terribly lustrous, and whose hair was dark, as the plumage of the raven. She walked with a slow, majestic pace. She seldom spoke; but when she spoke, it was sweetly though gravely; and she sang sometimes when the tempest was loudest, in strange tones which seemed almost to be long to the winds. Yet she was gentle, charitable, and, had she frequented the village church, would have been universally beloved. I became the lover of the widow's child. I loved her first one stormy autumn—I forget how many moons ago—but it was soon after I received this wound in the forehead by a fall in the Hartz. I was dissuaded from marrying her; for I had deserted a tender girl for her; but my mad passion prevailed, and took my young wife, Elfrid, home to a cottage on the banks of the solitary Lake of Erlech.

"Come near me, my sweet bride," I said, but she sate with her hands clasped upon her knees, and looked upward, yet half aside, as though she were trying to distinguish some voice amidst the storm. 'Tis only the raging of the wind, my love," said I. "Hush!" answered she, "this is my wedding-song. Why is my brother's voice not amongst them?" And she sate still, like a shape of alabaster, and the black hair streamed over her shoulders; and methought she looked like that famous Sibyl who offered to the proud Tarquin her terrible books. And I began to fear lest I had married a dæmon of the air; and sometimes I expected to see her dissolve in smoke, or be borne off on the wings of the loud blast.

"And so she sate for a long time, pale and speechless; but still she seemed to listen, and sometimes turned a quick ear round, as though she recognised a human voice. At last the wind came sighing, and moaning, and whining through the door and casements, and she cried, 'Ho! ho! are you there, brother? It was well done, indeed, to leave my husband here, without a song at his wedding.' And she smiled, and clapped her hands and sang—oh! it was like a dirge—low, humming, indistinct noises, seemed to proceed from her closed lips; and her cheeks brightened, and her eyes dilated, and she waved her white hand up and down, and mimicked the rising and falling of the wind.

"We were alone in our lonely cottage. I know not how it was, but we were alone. My brothers had not come to me, and my sister lay at home ill. 'Tis a wild night my lovely Elfrid," said I, and she smiled and nodded, and I ran my fingers through her dark hair; and while I held up a massy ringlet, the wind came and kissed it till it trembled. 'Oh! are you there?' said my bride; and I told her I had lifted up the black lock: but she said that it was not I, but another.

"Then we heard the sobbing and swelling of the lake, and the rushing of the great waves into the creeks, and the collecting and breaking up of the billows upon the loose pebbly shore. And sometimes they seemed to spit their scorn upon the winds, and to lash the large trunks of the forest trees. And I said, 'I almost fear for thee, my Elfrid, for the lake sounds as though it would force its banks,'—and she smiled. 'The spirits of the water are rebellious to night,' exclaimed she: their mistress, the moon, is away, and they know not where to stop.—Shall we blow them back to their quiet places?' I replied that it would be well, were it possible; and she lifted up her hand and cried, 'Do ye hear?'—and the wind seemed to answer submissively; and then suddenly it grew loud, and turned round and round like a hurricane, and we heard the billows go back—and back—and the lake seemed to recede—and the waters grew gentle—and then quiet; and at last there was deep and dark silence all around me and my bride.

"And then it was that I lighted a torch, and our supper was spread. The cold meats and dainties were laid upon a snow-white cloth, and the bright wines sparkled like the eyes of Elfrid. I took her hand and kissed her, but her lips felt like the cold air. 'Herman, my fond husband,' said she, 'I am wholly thine; but thou hast not welcomed me hither with a song. It is the custom where I was born, and I must not be wholly thine without it.'—'What shall I sing?' inquired I; 'Oh!' said she 'the matter may be what you please, but the manner must be mine. Let it be free thus; thus; (and she sang a strange burial chaunt,) thus, rising and falling like the unquiet tempest.' I essayed a few words, but they were troubled and spiritless:

"My love, my love, so beautiful, so wise!  
I'll sing to thee, beneath the dawning moon,  
And blow my pastoral reed  
In the cold twilight, till thine eyes shine out  
Like blue stars sparkling in thy forehead white  
I'll sing to thee, until thy cloudy hair  
Dissolve before my kisses pure and warm.  
Oh! as the rose-fed bee doth sing in May,  
To thee, my January flower, I'll sing  
Many a winter melody.  
Such as comes sighing through the shaking pines,  
Mournfully—mournfully,  
And through the pillar'd beeches stripped of leaves  
Makes music, till the shuddering water speaks  
In ripples on the forest shores—"

"Away!" said my bride interrupting my song—"away!"

Thou hast wed the wind, thou hast wed the air—  
Thy bride is as false as fair:  
As the dew of the dawn  
Beneath the sun,  
Is her life, which beginneth afresh  
When day is done.  
I am fashion'd of water and night,  
Of the vapour that haunts the brain—  
I die at the dawn of light,  
But at eve—I revive again!  
Like a spirit that comes from the rolling river,  
Changing for ever—for ever—for ever!"

And she muttered again, and again, "for ever," and "for ever!" And even as she sang, methought her long arms grew colder, and longer, and clasped me round and round, like the twining of the snake or the lizard. I shrank from terror, when she laughed once more in her unearthly way, and showed her white teeth in anger. "Dost thou not love me Elfrid?" said I; and she laughed again, and a thousand voices, which then seemed to invest our cottage on every side, laughed fiercely and loudly, till our dwelling shook to its centre. "Ah, ha! dost thou hear them?" said she; "Love thee! Can the wind love thee?—or the air—or the water—Can fire delight in thee?—But, ay that with its flickering voice and curling tongue may embrace thee, as it clasps the heretic martyrs; but no further. The elements are above thee, thou youth of clay! Why wouldst thou tempt them, fond thing, by linking thy short life to their immortality?" And as she spoke, she kissed me for the first time with her chilling lips, and whispered over me, and I sank shivering into another life.

"And in this state I have seen more than ever met the eye of man. I have seen the rock stoop down, and the whirlwind pause, and the stars come about me, by hundreds and thousands, hurrying and glancing. Dumb nature has spoken before me, and the strange language of animals has become clear. I have looked, (as the Der-vise did) into the hollow earth, and there beheld dull metals and flaming minerals, gold and rubies, silver and chrysolites, and amethysts all congregated in blazing heaps. I have seen the earthquake struggling in his cavern like a beast. I have communed with unknown natures, and sate by the dropsy and the awful plague. And once methought we went out, I and my bride, into some forest which had no end, and walked among multitudes, millions of trees. The broad great oak was there, with his rugged trunk and ponderous



arms, which he stretched out over us: the witch elms waved and whispered, and the willow fawned upon us and shook its dishevelled hair: we heard the snake rustling in the grass, and saw his glittering eyes and leper's coat; and he writhed and curled before us on our path, as though some unseen dominion were upon him; and the owl laughed at us from his hole; and the nightingale sang in the pine; and some birds there were which gave us welcome, and hundreds chattered in the abundance of their joy. All this while my bride was silent, and paced slowly beside me, upon the greensward. And she never lifted her pallid face from the ground, though I asked earnestly, again and again, how it was that the brute creatures had awakened from their dumb trance and stood up before us with the intelligence of man!

"Sometimes I think that all this may be—a dream. I am here, (*where am I?*) wasting like half-sunned snow. My flesh shrinks, my spirit quails, and my imagination is always restless, night and day. All my left side seems palsy-struck, and my heart is as cold as stone. My limbs are useless, and over my very brain the chilling winter seems to have blown!

"Yet, no; it cannot be a dream; for once, in every month, when the white moon grows round, and casts down her flood of cold light upon the fields and rivers, until the waters dance and the branches quiver with intense delight, *She* comes to my bedside, and still bends over me. Then, while I lie motionless, though awake, she kisses my lips with so cold a kiss that methinks I am frozen inwards to the heart. And my head; my head is a burning ball; ha, ha! you should come to me when the moon is ripe. Then you shall see the gambols of the water-elves; and the spirits who ride upon the storm-winds; and the mer men; and the unnatural sights of the deep black ocean; and the hell that is always about me! Will you come; and look at the wonders which I will show you? Will you come?"

"Let me look upon your forehead," said the stranger, when the faintness which here seized Rudolph had put an end to his tale.—"Methinks the error is here, rather than in the moon."

"Is there any hope that I shall be disenchanted?" inquired the youth faintly.

"We will see," replied the stranger: "you must have patience and water-diet. You must be obedient, too, to those whom I shall bid attend you; and; but at present we will tie a string round your arm, and see of what colour is the blood of an elf."

"Shall I be free?" reiterated the youth; "I have cursed—"

"Have you prayed?" asked my uncle Wilhelm; (for he was, as will be remembered the stranger of the inn)—"have you prayed?"

"That never occurred to me," said the young peasant, as his blood ran freely upon the puncture of my uncle's lancet; "That certainly never occurred to me; but I will try."

"In the mean time," observed my uncle, "I will do my best; and it shall go hard but we will conquer the elves."

—And in fact, my uncle Wilhelm did finally prevail. The peasant Rudolph recovered, and wedded the girl whose society he had once forsaken. What became of Elfrid, or whether she existed at Rubeland, or elsewhere, I never was able to learn. Perhaps after all, she was but a fiction; a distinct one, undoubtedly; but, probably, like many others of the spirits of the Hartz: nay, it is not impossible, even, but that she may have arisen from that very tumble which our friend Rudolph had amongst those celebrated mountains.

"A lancet, a blister, and a gallon or two of barley water," my uncle Wilhelm used to assert, would put to flight the most formidable band of elves or spirits that ever infested a German district; and, to say truth, I begin almost to renounce my old faith in those matters, and to come round to my uncle's opinion.

#### ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

##### REFLECTIONS.

"We choose our favourite author as we do our friend, from a conformity of humour and disposition."—HUME.

I know of no method by which we may more effectually arrive at the knowledge of a man's disposition and of the strength of his intellectual faculties, than to ascertain what books he reads and what class of writings afford him the greatest pleasure. It will be scarcely denied that the young and amorous are altogether wrapt up in such books as treat of the tender passion, however void of intrinsic worth or even of pretensions to beauty the thoughts and the composition of such works may be. These same volumes, which give such exquisite delight, and engross the exclusive attention now, will, at some future day, when the passions of youth have been gratified and sated, appear "stale, flat, and unprofitable," and they will be cast by as useless lumber. Do we not hear of persons who can spend the livelong day in dry arithmetical studies, and who consider the time employed in perusing the pages of Homer or of Milton as so much time wasted and destroyed? Whence comes this discrepancy in the taste of the same individual at different periods, and more especially in the taste of different men at all times? It is owing to the prevailing disposition of the mind, in a great measure, but it is also to be attributed to the different constitutions of different individuals. The first position is amply proved by what hath gone before; the latter admits of easy proof and ready illustration.

All men are in some degree, whether greater or less, subject to the same passions. But these passions act very differently in persons whose temperaments differ. A mathematician is as liable to fall in love as your amatory poet. But mark the difference. The former hastens

to pay his addresses to the object of his choice, but does not discontinue his favourite employments to sit in melancholy guise and weep over some pathetic love tale. He devotes a portion of his time to his mistress, but he shares his devotion with his favourite science. Even thus does the man of business, whether compelled thereto by necessity, or impelled by choice. The constitution of mind natural to these men never leads them to swerve from their usual occupations, and books of gay romantic love never disturb their dreams, interrupt their business, or give a melancholy tone to their minds. The other class is, on the contrary, no sooner subjected once to some fair lady's eye, than they sell their freedom of thought, action, look, and word, to the little god, under whose wings they take shelter, and whose constant presence they invoke. Now, "the idle hours" of Byron, "the epistles and odes" of that fascinating, but mischievous Moore, engross every hour, and form the only topic fit, by its dignity and impressiveness, to engage the intellect and exercise the fancy. Is a lover of this class a student? Alas! his musty tomes are scattered far and wide,

"And Sappho's skin to Tully's leather,  
"All are confused and heaped together."

He turns him to the tale of fair Amanda surprized at the harpsichord by the engaging Mortimer, and pursues, with sympathetic emotions, every step she takes, every trial she undergoes, until she is made happy "before the holy man." What avail to him the rise and fall of empires—the overthrow of armies—the depopulation of cities, and the destruction of thousands? His happiness, his security, nay, his existence, depend on the frown or the smile of the bewitching fair. What interest possess the best written essays on political economy, on ethics, on any the most important subjects, when compared with a tale of love—a song—a verse? There is a class of youths, who doat on these latter, even when no fair one in real life attracts their regard or bewitches their judgment. Their conception is more kindled by ideal beauty represented in fiction, and it calls into play a thousand fancies—tincturing the sky with the deepest blue—enriching the earth with the freshest green—and animating the grove with the divinest nymph—the Egeria of the soul! Does this constitution remain with us as life advances, and the scenes around us, and the personages with whom we become familiar, open to us the view of things as they are? Experience, "the world," age, interest, encroach upon the feelings—want the judgment in their turn, and dissolve into airy nothingness the fabric of our fancy, and the ideal world of our youth. He turns then to more useful employments and reads wiser and more discreet writings. Are we then made indeed wiser and more discreet? Does fancy delude us indeed no more? Or, is it but a change of object, and have we but learnt to deceive ourselves? "Can such things be?"



Can we reject to-day what yesterday was our fond delight, and look even with distaste on the pleasures of 'auld langsyne'? Not always. It is only in cloudy, gloomy moments of worldly selfishness—not in the moments which memory snatches from the engrossing present, and dedicates to the hallowed feelings of the past: not in the moments when purity of youth rushes on the mournful thought with all the freshness, all the buoyancy, all the novelty it then possessed. But such moments are "few and far between." The calls of ambition in favoured minds, of want and duty in the less favoured children of fortune, and of avarice in the corrupt, displace every sensation save that which spurs to honour, wealth, or the means of subsistence. Yet some there are who will not sacrifice all to even necessity; who glory in the recollection of themselves when untutored, uncorrupted, and still fresh from the hand of nature. These will, with pleasure, seek in the volumes which gave delight in early life, or instructed in the path of disinterestedness and virtue, that renewal of themselves which they in vain seek in the crowd of business or of pleasure. Some books, too, it must be confessed, seem suited to all ages, dispositions, and situations. Few—perhaps one only—the Bible!

## ORIGINAL.

To Charlotte, on receiving from her a beautiful bust of Apollo.

Gay, sculptured model of celestial grace—

If thou couldst feel, would not the sombre shade  
Of fond regret steal o'er that heavenly face:

That thou wert from thine own fair shrine convey'd,

Where taste, and science their bright offerings  
wreath'd,

And beauty o'er her Lyre impassion'd breath'd.

But since thou'st deign'd to grace my humble  
home,

I'll treasure thee as friendship's kind bequest—  
Tho' thou hast left fair learning's loftier dome,

E'en there thou couldst not be a dearer guest!  
My friend, as oft thy sacred gift I view—

I'll think of music, poetry, and you!

When twilight veils the blush of glowing day,

I've traced thy semblance in each graceful line,  
And in the glow of the last trembling ray,

I've thought the marble brow resembled thine.  
Like thine, the clustering ringlets of his hair,

And fancied, as I wish'd, that thou wert there!

AUGUSTA.

## DESCRIPTION OF CINTRA.

On our tour to Cintra we passed through Benfeca and Calouze, about seven miles from Lisbon, in the latter of which we dined. While our dinner was preparing we visited the Royal Palace in this place. It is one of the finest the king of Portugal possesses, and I imagine affords one of the most favourable specimens of Portuguese architecture; but like the public buildings of Lisbon, betrays palpable proofs of great inferiority in this science. The general

character of their architecture is superfluity and incongruity of ornament. The effect produced by the complication of simplicity with grandeur appears to be entirely unknown in this country. Perhaps this combination ought not to be expected in a country where the arts and sciences are in so languishing a condition. The architecture of a country must necessarily partake in some degree of the general character of the nation. The views of the Portuguese on almost every subject, are very contracted; it is therefore reasonable to expect that the beauty of *parts*, should please them more than the beauty of a *whole*.

While Junot swayed the sceptre of Portugal, he commenced fitting up this palace for the reception of Bonaparte; this loyal work, however, he was not permitted to complete. The gardens attached to the palace are very extensive.

Cal is a small village, situated in a valley, and surrounded by a country barren of natural scenery. It is not easy to imagine what could have been the motive for selecting this spot as a royal residence, unless it was the love of obscurity. Beggars are to be found in this country, wherever you go. We had scarcely entered the village before we were accosted by two or three beggar boys, and by the time that we arrived at the tavern, the number had increased to ten or twelve; they urged us with indefatigable perseverance, and we found it possible to get rid of them, only by granting their request.

The tavern, although far below the standard of the country taverns of America, was tolerably good, and I was informed superior to most of those in Portugal as well as Spain. We passed through a great number of small villages, and some beautiful quinta's, and arrived at Cintra, after it was too dark to see any thing of the place before the next morning.

Having provided ourselves with mules, we set out in the morning for the purpose of visiting the *Cork Convent*.—It is situated nearly on the summit of one of the hills of Cintra—and may justly be considered as a great natural curiosity.—The foundation and some of the walls are of solid rock—the building is quite small, and exhibits evident marks of extreme poverty in its tenants.—Fourteen monks inhabit this place, which number can never be augmented.—Their poverty compels them to great temperance in their diet, and the consequence is, strong constitutions and long lives.—One of the Friars was 84 years old, 48 of which he had spent in retirement. Near this convent is a natural cave, in which a St. Honorius, confessor to king Sebastian, lived fifteen years without once leaving it;—over the cave there is a stone with an inscription. It is to this person Lord Byron refers in his description of Cintra, when he says "Deep in yon cave Honorius dug his den," &c. This convent was founded by Alvaro de Castro, son of John de Castro, the celebrated Indian Navigator. The

internal government of this convent agrees very well with its rough exterior; both are founded in superstitious severity. Leaving the convent we descended from the hill and passed through Colares, a very small and insignificant village.

At Cintra there are three palaces—one is a royal palace situated in the village;—it appears to be an ancient building, and in its architecture is destitute of regularity, taste and beauty—at a distance the kitchen chimnies are the most conspicuous part—they run up above the rest of the building in the shape of large conical pyramids. In this palace Alphonso VI. was confined, after the crown of Portugal was wrested from him and bestowed on his brother Pedro.—That he was a weak prince history unhesitatingly decides; but the means taken to dethrone him were equally base in principle, and pernicious in their tendencies. We were shown the very room, which was his prison for twelve years—in another part of the palace we saw the chair in which Don Sebastian gave audience previous to his African expedition. This prince, endowed by nature with pre-eminent talents, possessed qualities not frequently united in a single individual; ardour, intrepidity, ambition. The latter enticed him from his country, and led him to the fatal plains of Africa, from whence he never returned.—There is a singular superstition concerning him which is universally credited. He is believed to be still alive, and is one day to return to be the saviour and regenerator of his country; they have even gone so far as to designate the very place where he will make his first *debut*; it is an elevated spot in Lisbon on the shore of the Tagus.—At some distance from the village stands the palace of the marquis of Marialva, principally remarkable as being the place where the convention between Junot and Sir H. Dalrymple, &c. was signed after the battle of Vinicera.—It is quite a modern building, having stood only since 1802. The marquis is at present in France—his palace is occupied by the gardner and some servants. Beyond this is the Monserrat palace, which though not large, has been a very tasty and elegant building; at present it is partly in ruins. Its situation is extremely romantic, and the surrounding scenery exquisitely beautiful.—To the scenery of this place, as well as others about Cintra, Lord Byron, in his *Childe Harold*, has done ample justice, if indeed that be possible.—None but the ardent imagination of the poet can describe, as they ought to be described, such enchanting scenes as these.

On the summit of one of the highest and most craggy mountains is placed the Pena Convent.—It was built in the reign of Emanuel, since which time it has withstood the assaults of the storm, to which it is constantly exposed—only four monks inhabit this place at present. This convent is seen at sea at the distance of sixty or seventy miles; it is the first land that is discovered. From the cupola is seen an



extensive and sublime prospect; in front is the dark Atlantic, on the left the "golden Tagus," forts St. Julian, and the Bugio, on the right Cintra and the delightful vale of Colares, bespangled with numerous villages, and groves of orange, lemon, and citron; in the distant horizon appears the turrets of Mapa. If any thing can light up the fire of poetic genius in the soul, it must be nature herself. What beauty like the rich, diversified, effulgent beauties of natural scenery, and what poetry or painting so exquisitely touching, as that which describes such scenery with taste and delicacy. Lord Byron visited this spot: his name was carved on the wall. Near this are the remains of an old Moorish fortification, of which a considerable part of the walls is still standing; the situation, as well as the construction, must, I think, have rendered it a place of great strength and easy defence; the shape is an irregular oblong; in front there is a double wall, the outer one is semicircular, the approach on all sides is very steep, and rendered extremely difficult from the number of rocks which surround it. The lonely goats now find a retreat in this place, which once contained the towering spirit of many a proud hero and chieftain.\*

Cintra is one of the watering places of Portugal, and in summer is a place of very fashionable resort for the wealthy inhabitants of Lisbon. The mineral spring is near Colares; the water is impregnated with iron ore, but not to a very great degree.

This morning we left Cintra and proceeded to Mafra. For a great part of the way the country presented a delightful appearance. The number of small villages scattered in different directions was very great. In one place we saw at one view eight of them.

Mafra is a small town twelve miles from Cintra, and ten from Lisbon, and remarkable for nothing except the royal palace. The extent of this building is immense. It contains, besides the royal apartments, a church and convent. The church is large and elegant, and contains six organs very beautifully decorated. Thirty-one Franciscan friars occupy the convent. The library is a very fine room, and contains about 30,000 volumes. On our return we passed through Belus, a village six miles from Lisbon.

The ancient seats of our nobility and gentry would make one believe that they were altogether devoid of taste. The house is placed at the extremity of the estate, or in the middle of a morass, or on a rugged rock. But our forefathers were not at liberty to follow their taste: they were obliged to study security. The only persons who were at liberty to follow taste were church-men; and we find religious houses every where in the most delightful spots.

\* In the hills of Cintra, is the spring which supplies the whole of Lisbon with water, by means of the aqueduct.

## STANZAS.

Oh, Lady! thou hast touch'd a chord  
I vainly hoped would ne'er more thrill;

Alas! I find a whisper'd word  
May call me back to anguish still!

The lay that trembled from thy tongue  
Hath waken'd shadows of the past,  
When pleasure o'er my pathway flung  
Hues far too sweet—too bright to last.

When first I heard that tuneful lay  
'Twas breath'd from one I lov'd too well—  
And though in dust that form decay,  
Her love, her woes, in memory dwell.

I madly thought I'd school'd my heart  
To bear, without betraying pain;  
But, ah! so like to her thou art,  
Thou prov'st my efforts all in vain!

The smile she wore when first we met,  
The tear she shed when last we parted,  
These thou forbid'st me to forget—  
And all that made me broken hearted!

Eliza! thou art laid to rest,  
In virgin prime, in youthful bloom,  
Within the cold earth's silent breast—  
While I am in a living tomb!

Yes, yes, I live, if life this be,  
But what to me is sickly breath?  
Each voiceless object speaks of thee,  
And tells me thou art cold in death!

Lost maiden! in the silent hour  
When slumber twines her opiate chain,  
Then, then, remembrance hath the power  
To call thy form to view again—

And when I wake, I wake to sigh,  
That one so fondly lov'd should fade;  
Oh, why did'st thou so early die!—  
Or why was I not with thee laid!

## WINTER.

The midnight winds are sounding loud,  
The storm is gathering fast!  
It floats upon the hurrying cloud,  
And rides the rising blast.

The slumberer starts from troubled sleep  
To hear the wintry gales;  
The seaman on the threatening deep  
Collects his tattered sails.

And now it sweeps o'er earth and main  
With fierce and boundless power;  
And snow-clouds following in its train  
Send down their icy shower.

Oh! what a wreck of all below  
The morning sun shall see;  
The gloomy winding sheet of snow  
Is hung on every tree.

How rapidly have passed the hours  
Since spring was shining bright,  
And all its paradise of flowers  
Were opening to the light.

But sadder changes than of years  
Our mournful thoughts engage;  
We think upon the hour of tears  
When youth gives place to age.

Apply yourself more to acquire knowledge, than to show it. Men commonly take great pains to put off the little stock they have; but they take little pains to acquire more.

## THE ATHENÆUM.

TACTUS SOLI NATALIS AMORE.

NEW-YORK:

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1825.

This is the last number which we shall publish before another year shall have gathered itself unto its predecessors, and given place to a new one, with its forthcoming hopes and fears, its joys and its sorrows. On this occasion we cheerfully comply with the friendly custom of wishing to our kind patrons a happy realization of all their wishes, health in their families, prosperity in their undertakings, and a continued increase of all the comforts and blessings resulting from the enjoyment of political, civil, and religious freedom.

THE OLD AND NEW ATHENÆUM.—The utter insignificance and inefficiency of the institution now existing in this city, under the title of "the New-York Athenæum," is so generally acknowledged, and the selfish and disreputable motives which first called it into being so correctly appreciated, that it cannot excite surprize if an attempt is made to supersede it. It is now a matter of notoriety that the Athenæum, which still professes to dispense all literary knowledge to the community of New-York, was first got up by a few select individuals, who were connected by family alliance and a similarity of views in general politics, and who immediately, and with a modesty well becoming the *ton*, elected themselves officers and lecturers to the institution. After this most important duty was discharged to the satisfaction of their own consciences, they then condescended to publish their proceedings, and to elect some dozen additional members, whom they dignified by the name of associates. The greater part of those were good easy fellows; and flattered, perhaps, by the literary distinction of which they were now made possessors, took little pains to examine into the objects of the prime movers in this literary manufactory of great men. And now it was hoped all would go on right, but more money was wanted, and a new batch of associates was forthwith determined on. It was not without difficulty this part of the plan was accomplished. The honour was either *politely* declined, or if accepted, was made the means of annoyance to the high mighty powers in operation. The constitution was condemned as a stupid attempt to introduce aristocratical feelings into our country, with the secret design of fostering certain family views and ascendancies. It was finally remodelled; but as is usual in cases of compromise, it pleased neither party. The consequence has been jealousy, discontent, and apathy. A still greater obstacle to the success of this institution has arisen from the injudicious selection of subjects for the different lectureships, and the want of talents and reputation of the lecturers themselves. Architecture, Phrenology, and Oriental Literature are not subjects calculated to be *popularly* useful. They are curious and interesting in themselves, and will amply repay private study and application; but for young men who are notoriously dependent on a few foreign gleanings, to attempt instruction on these branches was altogether ridiculous, and evinced an unpardonable excess of vanity and pedantic affectation. Their attempts have been attended with merited failure; and



with the exception of a solitary newspaper, edited by the brother of one of the lecturers, and the relative and personal friend of them all, not a word in their praise has been expressed any where. That paper, indeed, with becoming delicacy lauds the eminent abilities and varied erudition of the lecturers, but it requires some more disinterested judge to pronounce an opinion on the merits of those *doctores, non docti*, before the public will confirm the partial and barefaced decision. In the meantime our more enlightened and enterprising citizens, disgusted with such pitiful and futile attempts to *humbug*, and anxious to redeem the character of our city from the disgrace entailed upon it by this shadow of a shade, have determined forthwith to establish an institution that shall be popular in its origin, purely republican in its form of government or direction, useful in its objects, and efficient in its operations. That they will succeed, if they seriously make the attempt, no one will doubt, who considers the vast resources of our population, the abundant talent and practical knowledge diffused throughout it, and the imperative necessity which exists, and which is now felt to exist, that something should be effectively done to convince foreigners that we are not altogether void of pretensions to literature, and what is perhaps more important, good sense.

*The Academy of Medicine of New-York.*—We are happy to learn that an institution under this title has just been organized in this city, which promises to be of great service, not only to the medical profession, but to the public. We have long wanted an association of this kind, which might rally the more scientific members of this profession of our community, and prove the means of eliciting, more fully than has yet been done, their intellectual resources. The city of New-York contains many physicians and surgeons distinguished for their talents and learning, and it has only needed a friendly co operation on their part, to give to the medical literature of this city, that elevated character and distinguished influence throughout the country, to which it is so justly entitled. The plan of the Academy is, in many respects, original, and we augur very favourably of its ultimate success, from the high respectability, talents and acquirements of its officers and members.

The objects of the Academy of Medicine are, the cultivation of medical science, and its collateral branches. In order to effect this more successfully, its members are divided into four distinct classes; each one comprehending a separate department of scientific investigation. The following gentlemen have been elected officers for the ensuing year:

Felix Pascalis, M. D. *President.*

John B. Beck, M. D.

John Watts, jr. M. D.

John Stearns, M. D.

Joseph M. Smith, M. D.

*Vice-Pres'ts.*

Daniel L. M. Peixotto, M. D. *Sec'y.*

Samuel W. Moore, M. D. *Treasurer.*

John Kearney Rodgers, M. D. *Curator.*

#### REMARKS.

We understand that it has been the source of mortifying regret to the most respectable portion of the medical profession in this city, that they should so long have been without an association exclusively devoted to the cultivation of medical literature. The Medical Society has for its objects the regulation of the practice of physic in the city and county, and the College of Physicians the instruction of pupils. By neither of these, therefore, can those exertions be made, which alone can elicit the labours of the literary part of the profession, and render them

conspicuous to the world. As to the latter institution, so far from improving its condition, it has been, if we are not misinformed, undergoing, annually, a decrease in the number of its pupils, and it is also understood that the profession have no lot nor part in its interests. It cannot therefore excite surprise, that an attempt should at length be made to concentrate the talents and learning abundantly scattered throughout the medical community, and, by uniting individual efforts, widen their sphere, and augment their importance and value. In no profession are such associations more imperatively demanded, or to be more markedly beneficial than in that of medicine. Facts are constantly developing themselves under new aspects, speculation and theory are inseparable from the meditations of the educated physician, and the danger of incurring fatal errors in general reasonings almost unavoidable. The most powerful guard and defence against such errors consists in a constant and well regulated intercourse of mind with mind, inviting to discussion and subjecting the results of such individual's experiments to the test of the repeated and candid examination of less partial and unprejudiced judgments.—That such collision of opinions and interchange of knowledge is productive of good, the whole history of science has most amply demonstrated. How far the undertaking announced in the foregoing extract is likely to be attended with success, we have no means of ascertaining. Thus much we can say. It is high time that something be done by the members of the medical profession, if they would emulate the example held out by their brethren in almost every city in this country and in Europe. "The spirit of improvement is abroad on the face of the earth," and medicine partakes in the general advancement of science and literature. Shall New-York be alone backward in offering her contributions towards the augmentation of the general stock? Shall New-York physicians alone indulge in inactive apathy and incur the reproach of lethargic indifference to the progress of the noble science they profess?—We hope not: and we also fondly flatter ourselves that the day is not very remote, when the medical, as well as the scientific and literary reputation of our city shall be elevated in proportion to her wealth, her resources, and her public spirit.

On Monday next our *Carrier* will wait upon the subscribers to this journal with the usual mite of those in his honor towards the festivity of the day—a New Year's address. We have every reason to believe that he is diligent, faithful, and attentive in the discharge of his duty, and we trust that his claims will not be overlooked.

**BOSTON vs. KEAN.**—We presume that our readers are already acquainted with the disgraceful riot which took place at the Federal Theatre on the first night of Kean's intended performance—the expulsion of the actor from the stage—the theatre, and the city, and the destruction of the interior of the house. Our opinions on this conduct may be easily anticipated from what we have before advanced on the subject, both previous to, and during Mr. Kean's engagement in our city. We are not the apologists for his crime nor his indiscretion—but we are the advocates of humanity and decency and propriety. Mr Kean offended the laws of his country—he was punished by an enlightened jury of his countrymen to

an extent in proportion to the degree of his offence—and which abundantly testified their sense of mitigation. He had, as it is said, insulted the Bostonians by refusing to play to—empty benches. He humbles himself and offers an apology. Is he heard?—Is he allowed to become penitent? is that justice meted out to him, which every the most degraded criminal claims and receives, even at the foot of the gallows?—No.—Condemned without hearing—reviled by enemies in every shape which can influence and render inveterate the public mind—a single player is opposed by an immense multitude, armed and to all appearance intent upon the destruction of a defenceless individual. And to whom was all this violence owing? Was it the moral and decent class of the community that thus persecuted a humiliated and erring genius?—No—it was an infuriated mob—excited by misrepresentations, and blinded by the cruel instigations of personal malice and implacable hatred. This is easily to be proved to the satisfaction of any one who will calmly investigate the subject and read *all* the statements which have appeared in the Boston papers. We wish that it were in our power to exculpate Mr. Buckingham, the Editor of the *Courier* and of the *Galaxy*, from the foul imputation of having been one of the active promoters of a disturbance, which reflects so much disgrace on all concerned in it. We cannot conscientiously withhold the expression of our sincere conviction, that *his leading article* in the *Courier* of the morning previous to the riot, was not only intended to awaken the fury of the populace, but was also effectual in its most criminal object. What renders this conduct more reproachable, and to be regretted for Mr. Buckingham's character for probity, is that on Friday he *virtually recanted his assertions boldly advanced on Wednesday*. It was too late then—but it had answered its fearful purpose, and private revenge had been sated!

The statement to which we refer as having been recanted, was simply this: On the day of the riot, the Editor of the *Courier* impassionedly asked the Bostonians if they could encourage a man, who on his passage from England had asserted to a respectable merchant of Boston, that the inhabitants of that city had insulted him and owed him an apology, &c.—On Friday the same paper contained an explanation purporting that Mr. Kean had not made use of the foregoing expressions, but instead of them had merely said, that by going to Boston he had incurred a loss, having given up a more profitable offer to the South. On this ill-timed accusation of an individual already obnoxious, and on the far worse timed recantation we need scarcely offer a comment. *Mr. Kean will yet have justice done to him.*

Our next number will contain a review of Mr. Ray's discourse delivered before the Academy of Fine Arts. Its *typographical* superiority to all other productions of the same kind, and its claims, "as a high polished and classical production," will be made the subjects of especial notice.

#### THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM;

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